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CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, &c.

The Literary Remains of the late Henry Neele, author of 'The Romance of History,' &c. Consisting of Lectures on English Poetry, Tales, and other miscellaneous pieces, in Prose and Verse. New York, J & J Harper, 1829. The Romance of History, England. By Henry Neele. London, 3 volumes.

There is nothing strange or mysterious, as some writers have been pleased to observe, in the desire which the living entertain, to come at a nearer acquaintance with the dead. It is, perhaps, one of the first offerings of posterity to intellect. It is the promise of immortality, and proves at once the correctness of the claim, made upon men by the object of this curiosity. It is by no means to be wondered at, if men, who have been the source, whether directly or indirectly, of pleasure to mankind, are inquired after when no longer with us. If we can then become familiar with the spirit that has sought to enlarge and to enlighten our own; and the sympathies of men, seldom brought into action during the life of genius, probably because the great mass are willing to acknowledge their inferiority, and look up to it with a sentiment of awe and respect that forbids a nearer and less dignified approach, unawed by the aspect of the living spirit, we can approach the tomb, and pour forth our sympathies upon it. We can there, and there only acknowledge the received benefit and pleasure, and bestow the meed of our admiration in the sincerity of our griefs. The rivalry, the jealousy, the prejudices of life are put aside; and we all appear, as common mourners at the burial of the mighty. Human frailties that distorted and overshadowed, in life are thrust from remembrance. Human irregularities and

extravagancies are forgotten and forgiven, and with a holy devotion that gathers into the fervor and passionate intelligence of grief as we proceed, we subscribe at once to the sweet and beautiful sentiment which instructs us, that human errors are buried with humanity, while virtue and excellence being from God and the Heavens, are cherished above the tomb, and are consecrated among men. The sentiment therefore, which, as if by one familiar instinct, tells us that the world loses when the mighty fall, creates, at the same time within us, a desire to know more of him, who, having been heretofore the property of all, has perhaps, been little known to any. We acknowledge him as a member of our own family; and though we may not have beheld his person, his sentiments have been given to us as in friendly conversation, and his heart and its affections have been to us informing and directing, and refining our own. If his life has been one of many griefs, we can sympathise with him in spirit; if of hopes overthrown, and expectations blasted, we can mourn that the delicate spirit should be subjected to the same trials with the rough and common mortal; and where, as is sometimes the case, we have reflected intimately upon this matter of grief during the life, or even after the death of him, whose fortunes have induced it, we may wish that the power had been with us to have released the 'sweet spirit' from its close pegged prison in the 'gnarled and knotted oak.' These sympathies and these remembrances constitute what is called fame among men. Memories kept alive after death, through all the vicissitudes and changes of time and empire, constitute immortality. It is for this and this

alone, that it is the misfortune of mind to live and to die; and if we have not altogether done our duty in awarding only this frail monument after death to its glory, we have at least furnished all that it has toiled for, and much that is its genuine and lofty reward.

The volume first referred to in this notice, 'the Remains of Henry Neele,' contains a brief, and rather unsatisfactory biographical notice of its subject. It is true, that in answer to this objection, the biographer has said of Mr. Neele, that 'his short life passed, indeed without events;' and this may, and should be, certainly, sufficient to satisfy any reasonable inquirer. But without reflecting harshly upon the writer, we are greatly disposed to question the truth of this assertion. How is it possible, in fact, for any life, (a literary life in particular,) to be without events of interest, which has for its propelling incentives, pride, ambition and love; and subject, as all these must be, to occasional overthrow, contumely and disappointment. That life, too, which terminates in self-murder, must have had strong difficulties to contend with, high hopes prostrated, and eagle aspirations blinded by the very glories of that sun, to which it had directed its mountain pinions.

We are also disposed to find fault with that misapplied charity which can talk of murder and cowardice, (for such we hold suicide to be,) in terms of pity and commiseration. However we may be disposed to reprehend that neglect of education, (for we can suppose it nothing else,) which leaves the mental and moral energies so diseased and imperfect, that they are liable to be prostrated and overthrown by the occasional vicissitudes of life; however we may consider the parent, and the guardian, and the tutor, liable, (morally, if not legally,) for the crimes and misdemeanors of the neglected or perverted boy, we are, nevertheless, by no means willing that our tears should be asked for a man, who, having an aged parent and young sisters depending upon him, not merely for purity and high example, but for food and raiment, and the many necessities of life, should, upon a slight and unexpected reverse of fortune, or a disappointment in some project of ambition, be so weak, so base, so unmanly, as to forget all these obligations of family, country, society, and friends, and

wantonly rush into the presence of that awful tribunal, from whom he had stolen an allotted portion of eternity. Better, indeed, if the ties of nature can command no love, if society can claim no esteem, if the land of nativity can have no lien upon our duties and affections, that the laws be made so penally severe as to punish the offender, with whom other ties have no force, effect or influence. Better, that as of old, no charitable fiction of a stupid inquest, calling that the effect of insanity which is a crime of the deepest color be allowed to interfere between Justice and her subject; that the false charities which act so suddenly upon men, be done away with; let the stake be driven relentlessly through the body as of old. The life of one man is equally the property of the country as that of another; and no distinction should be made, (in ignominy and public opinion, at least,) between him who wantonly takes away his own life, and him who with violence destroys the existence of another. We can fully comprehend the intention of the writer who talks about a diseased imagination, an overwrought sensibility, a warmth and sensitiveness of temperament, and all that kind of thing, in excusing the derelictions of him whom he volunteers to defend or excuse.—We have not the least doubt in the world, that there is a good deal of truth in an apology of this kind. We do not hesitate for a moment to believe, that Mr Neele suffered severely under some one or other of these disorders. But by what habits did he first become diseased with them? Had he no education? Had he no religion? We may be under a mistake in our views of the grand objects of education and religion among men. We have been taught to believe that the former was meant to teach us how to live; the latter how to die: and both united by a sweet and concerted action, to prepare us for the toils, privations and vicissitudes of life, and the fulfilment of its many and divided purposes. With what kind of education, what species of faith, what code of morals must that mind have been impregnated, which upon a slight disagreement of circumstances, will wantonly and passionately sacrifice the fondness of the parent, the reliance of kindred, the examples and obligations, pledged impliedly to society, and all those high and beautiful connexions that link in con-

cert the solitary and few pleiads which form the constellation of human happiness.

Upon this subject, however, at this late day, there can be no great need of argument. Nothing should palliate the crime of suicide; and the stoicism of Cato, in a modern, would and should be cowardice and murder. Had Cato been a Greek, instead of a Roman, he would have known that the life of a good citizen is the property of the republic, and not to be bartered at the pleasure of any individual, so long as it might be made of use to the country, or of advantage to society in general.

Henry Neele was a man of fine talent, and an agreeable and polished taste. His mind was rather of delicate and graceful, than vigorous and majestic make. His poetry is that of a fine gentleman in a drawing room: we do not mean a fop, fashionable, or fool; synonymes in burden, however differing in epithet. His stories are all of one certain and easily definable character. Love is the ruling spirit, and the troubadour and the knight errant; the 'Court of Love' and the votaries of *la gaie science*, are large partakers of his far-extending domination. Melancholy and tears are the prevailing characteristics of his theme; and if we do not always weep with the unfortunates of his fiction, we feel that they were nevertheless not unworthy of our tears.—There was little in the mind of Mr Neele that we may consider original; although at a first glance he evidently compels us to believe that his impressions are usually genuine with himself and his associations, if not perfectly novel, have that air and semblance which is peculiarly calculated to deceive us into the belief that it is so. His style is simple, and sometimes vigorous. His sentences, particularly in his 'Lectures,' are frequently made up of too great a variety of members, which serve to render them halting and unmusical. But these are minor matters.

'The Lectures on English Poetry' are not so much an analysis of the writings of the earlier English classics, as a historical summary and classification of them. Upon the ages in which they flourished, are the observations of Mr Neele principally bestowed; with an occasional review of the writings of some individual author. In the first Lecture, which pre-

sents a brief and rather wandering 'Introductory Analysis,' Mr Neele, with much modesty and some grace, introduces his subject to the reader, coupled with an acknowledgment, however, which we are not at all disposed to subscribe to. We quote the passage that offends us, that we may provide, as far as we can, a sufficient answer:

'In introducing poetry to your notice, I am constrained to confess that it is a mere superfluity and ornament. As Falstaff said of honor, 'it cannot set a leg, or an arm, or heal the grief of a wound; it has no skill in surgery.'

It is true, that immediately upon this, Mr Neele says:

'Still, within the mind of man, there exists a craving after intellectual beauty and sublimity. There is a mental appetite, which it is as necessary to satisfy as the corporeal one. There are maladies of the mind which are even more destructive than those of the body; and which, as the sound of the sweet harp of David drove the demon out of Saul, have been known to yield to the soothing influence of poetry. The earliest accomplishment of the rudest and wildest stages of society, it is also the crowning grace of the most polished and civilized. Nations the most illustrious in arts and arms, have also been the most celebrated for their cultivation of letters; and when the monuments of those arts, and the achievements of those arms, have passed away from the face of the earth, they have transmitted their fame to the remotest ages, through the medium of literature alone. The genius of Timanthes lives but in the pages of Pliny; and the sword of Cæsar has been rendered immortal only by his pen.'

This is all very true, and very good, as far as it goes. Poetry confers immortality, says Mr Neele, but compared with the 'utility' of the thing, the men who care nothing about immortality, see no value in poetry, and the argument fails as to them. We should like to go a step farther. We should like to make it of 'utility' to all mankind. We believe, in fact, that it may be made so; and to go still farther, without fear of being laughed at, we will venture to affirm, that there is no individual under the sun, utterly insensible to the beauties and influence of poetry, in some shape or other. But we would have it taught that poetry is of

some value, beyond the mere exercise of an influence upon the taste of man. Is it nothing to polish the mind—to refine the manners—to warm the heart with something a little beyond the mere love of gain and money-making? Is it nothing to prepare us for the influence of virtue, of a pure morality, and the highest aspirations of devotion? For we contend that poetry, as we consider it, has all these effects, and exercises this wide and extensive jurisdiction. The lines of Shakspeare are something more than a 'fiction of the cloud':

'The man who hath not music in his soul,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils.'

(We have not the work by us, and cannot say that we quote correctly; our memory being somewhat like a blue-eyed lover—a false deceiver.) The sentiment is a consequence of a life of experience in thought. It is full of a certain and unanswerable truth—leaving the definition of 'music' less limited than we are usually disposed to make it. Poetry should be taught in the schools. Where its value and the grateful influence which it must exercise, would be quickly made known. It would no longer be gravely admitted that Poetry is one of those idle ornaments, which, taken in its most advantageous light, is little better than the tinsel ornaments of a Hero's mausoleum; for Mr Neele concedes to it few other uses.

From the 'Lectures' which we have neither the time nor the capacity, to analyze—the materials necessary, not being attainable in America, we make the following extracts. The criticisms of Mr Neele, on individual writers, upon whom we may determine, we are generally disposed to think, very correct. The thoughts on Shakspeare and Milton, have been so often uttered before, and those great men, so frequently in the same situation before the public, that little pretensions to originality can be made in their favor, though for the same reason, we could neither look for, nor expect any.

'The first regular comedy which appeared in England, was *'Gammer Gurton's Needle.'* The precise time of its representation is unknown, but an edition of it is said by Chetwood, to have been printed in 1551; and the copy which Dodsley used for his collection of old plays was printed in 1575. 'In this play,' says Hawkins, 'there is a vein of familiar

humor, and a kind of grotesque imagery, not unlike some parts of Aristophanes; but without those graces of language and metre, for which the Greek comedian is so eminently distinguished.' There is certainly much whim and wit in many of the situations; and the characters, although rudely, are very forcibly delineated. The plot is simple, and coarse enough. *Gammer Gurton* has lost her needle, and, just when she despairs of ever finding it, it is discovered sticking to part of her servant *Hodge's* breeches, which she had been lately employed in mending. The fine old song, beginning 'Back and sides, go bare, go bare,' with which the second act of this play opens, is of itself sufficient to rescue it from oblivion.

'Lord Buckhurst's *'Gorboduc,'* is the first regular tragedy which ever appeared in England. The plot is meagre and uninteresting; the diction cumbrous and heavy; and the characters ill conceived and hastily drawn. The dawn of English tragedy was, therefore as gloomy as its meridian was splendid. George Peele, the author of *'The Loves of King David and Fair Bethsade,'* was a writer of a very different stamp; and, although not possessing much force or originality, there is a vein of pathos and unaffected feeling in this play, and a sweetness and flow of versification, which we look for in vain in the writings of his contemporaries. Lily, who turned the heads of the people by his Euphuism, which has been so happily ridiculed by Sir Walter Scott, in his character of Sir Piercie Sheston, in the *'Monastery,'* was nevertheless an author of distinguished merit; and in his *'Cupid and Campaspe,'* especially, we find touches of genuine poetry, and unsophisticated nature. *'The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is mad again,'* by Thomas Kyd, is valuable for one scene only, which is supposed to have been interpolated by a later hand, and has been attributed by various commentators to Jonson, to Webster, and to Shakspeare. It is not unworthy of either of those writers; but is most probably the property of the first, to whom, as has been ascertained by a discovery made a few years since at Dulwich College, two sundry payments were made by the theatre, for additions to this tragedy. *Hieronimo*, whose son has been murdered, goes distracted, and wishes a painter to represent the fatal catastrophe upon canvass. He finds that the artist is suf-

fering under a bereavement similar to his own; and there is something powerfully affecting in the following dialogue :

The PAINTER enters.

Paint. God bless, you, Sir!

Hieron. Wherefore? why, thou scornful villain! How, where, or by what means should I be blest?

Isab. What would you have, good fellow?

Paint. Justice, madam.

Hieron. Oh! ambitious fellow, would'st thou have that

That lives not in the world?

Why all the undelved minds cannot buy

An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.

I tell thee, God has engrossed all justice in his hand,

And there is none but what comes from him.

Paint. Oh! then I see that God must right me for my murder'd son!

Hieron. How! was thy son murder'd?

Paint. Ay, Sir; no man did hold a son so dear

Hieron. What! not as thine? That's a lie

As massy as the earth! I had a son,

Whose least unvalued hair did weigh

A thousand of thy son's! and he was murder'd!

Paint. Alas! Sir, I had no more than he.

Hieron. Nor I, nor I; but this same one of mine Was worth a legion.

'The nature and simplicity of this scene is worth all the ambitious imagery and rhetorical ornaments which modern authors lavish upon their dramas. It reminds us of that fine burst of natural passion of *Lear* :

'Lear. Did'st thou give all to thy daughters?

'Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

'Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have reduced nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.'

From the analysis of the Dramatic writings of 'Ancient Ben' we make the following extract :

'The strength of Jonson's style is undoubted, and therefore his critics have chosen to deny him the merits of his elegance and gracefulness. The fact is, that in his tragedies, and the metrical parts of his comedies, his versification is peculiarly smooth and flowing; and the songs and other lyrical pieces, which he has sprinkled over his dramas, are exquisitely elegant, and elaborated to the highest degree of polish. The celebrated poems of 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' and 'Still to be neat, still to be drest,' sufficiently prove this assertion. I have already, in a former lecture, given one of Johnson's cazonets, but I cannot refrain from also quoting the following beautiful madrigal.

'Do but look on her eyes, they do light

All that love's world compriseth;

Do but look on her hair, it is bright

As love's star when it riseth!

Do but mark her forehead smoother

Than words that sooth her!

And from her arch'd brow such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life, [strife.
All the gain, all the good, of the elements

Have you seen but a bright lily grow

Before rude hands have touch'd it?

Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow

Before the soil hath smutch'd it?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver?

Or the swan's down, ever?

Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?

Or the nard i' the fire?

Or have tasted the bag o' the bee,

Oh, so white! oh, so soft! oh, so sweet is she!

'*Cataline, his Conspiracy*, is a fine tragedy, full of passionate and animated action; but, at the same time displaying eloquent dialogue, powerful description, and a sweet, yet vigorous versification; while the characters are drawn, that of *Cataline* especially, with Shakspearean force and truth. The piece opens with the denunciation of *Sylla's Ghost*; after which, *Cataline* enters, brooding over his intended treason. The succeeding scene is very artfully contrived to let us into the characters of the leading conspirators, by the account which *Cataline* gives of them to *Aurelia*; and these characters are preserved, and acted up to, with uncommon skill throughout the whole drama. The imprecation pronounced by *Cataline* is fine, and contains a brief summary of his purpose and character :

'It is decreed! Nor shall thy fate, Oh Rome!

Resist my vow. Though hills were set on hills,

And seas met seas, to guard thee, I would

through:

I'd plough up rocks, steep as the Alps, in dust;

And lave the Tyrrhene waters into clouds,

But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud city!

'The description of the morning, on which the chief conspirators meet together, in the following scene, is highly poetical; and as it is remarked by Whalley, in strict accordance with the character of the speaker, *Lentulus*, who has been before described as addicted to superstition, and a belief in omens. Jonson, like Shakspeare, does not indulge in extraneous description; every thing in both these great authors is characteristic and dramatic; and, in the present instance, the mind is finely prepared for the fearfully interesting subject on which the characters are about to debate, by this powerful description :

'It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!

She riseth slowly, as her sullen ear

Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it—

She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoll'n black!

Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,

And her sick head is bound about with clouds,

As if she threatened night ere noon of day !
It does not look, as it would have a hail,
Or health wish'd in it, as on other morns.'

'This, besides being short, and highly characteristic of the speaker, is connected with the business of the play by the answer of *Cethegus* :

'Why, all the fitter, *Lentulus* ; our coming
Is not for salutation, we have business.'

'The art and subtlety of *Cataline's* character, is also finely developed in this scene ; for though ambition is his ruling passion, the gratification of that passion depends upon his assuming the appearance of subserviency to his coadjutors ; and he tells them—

'I am shadow
To honor'd *Lentulus* and *Cethegus* here,
Who are the heirs of *Mars*.'

And he is diligent in applauding, and coinciding with, all their suggestions. Afterwards, however, when his power is consummated, in his address to his soldiers, and in his conduct during the battle, he takes a loftier tone, and acts 'as one having authority.' This is human nature, and is beautifully and truly illustrated by the poet. My limits will, of course, not allow me to adduce many specimens of the dramatic skill of *Jonson*, which cannot be shown by passages, or even by whole scenes. For this, I must refer to the plays themselves; the present object being merely to prove that *Jonson* excelled in the lighter graces and elegancies of poetry; that he could describe powerfully; and that his versification, instead of being rugged and lame, is constructed upon the truest principles of harmony. The following is animated and striking :

'Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd himself

To seem more huge ; whilst to his stained thighs,
The gore he drew, flow'd up, and carried down
Whole heaps of limbs and bodies through his arch ;

No age was spared, no sex, nay, no degree ;
Not infants in the porch of life were free.
The sick, the old, that could not hope a day
Longer by nature's bounty, not let stay ;
Virgins and widows, matrons, pregnant wives
All died !—

The rugged *Charon* fainted,
And ask'd a navy, rather than a boat,
To ferry over the sad world that came.
The maws and dens of beasts could not receive
The bodies that those souls were frighted from ;
And e'en the graves were fill'd with men yet living,

Whose flight and fear had mix'd them with the dead.'

We have greatly exceeded our limits and must bring our remarks to a close. 'The Romance of History' being illustra-

tive of various periods of English History and comprised in three large volumes, is fully as interesting, as a work of fiction, as any of modern times. In fact, we cannot call to mind any work of recent publication, to which we can now refer with as much satisfaction and pleasure, as this. It is truly a delightful work, and we cannot too much recommend the plan to succeeding novelists. It was Mr Neele's intention to have published illustrations in the same manner, of the histories of other countries. Some of these, completed entirely, and others partly written, are contained in his 'Remains,' and form a melancholy trophy to the memory of disappointed endeavor and genius overthrown. One of the miscellaneous sketches contained in this volume, we quote. It will be found in our general miscellany partment. Our readers will do themselves an injustice not to read the remains of this interesting and unfortunate young man; interesting in his life and unfortunate in his death; but genius wants not tears; its 'tomb is the rock, and the verdure, is stricken thereof.'

The Drama of South Carolina: 'The Mysteries of the Castle,' 'Modern Honor,' &c ; by J B White, Esq, of Charleston.

The Drama of this State is, perhaps, less known to its members, than any other portion of its native literature. To have mentioned any thing like it, twenty years ago, would have been considered by our trans-Atlantic brethren, a greater revolution than that which declared us Free and Independent. But so true is it, that we have not been backward nor undistinguished in this species of literature, that there are many existing circumstances to substantiate the assertion. When we aver this, it is not our intention to boast, nor would we pretend to say, that in all our Dramatic writing, is there one example of perfect excellence. Still we feel pride in saying, that what we have done, deserves a much larger remembrance in this State especially, than has heretofore been extended to it.

There are many reasons that might be assigned, why the modern Drama has suffered this neglect; but the most prominent and evident cause of any, seems to lie with the morals of the people.—They have suffered their taste to undergo such a perversion, that with them nothing

goes down but scenes extravagant to excess, and quite beyond the reach of their own conceptions. The play, to be successful, must possess the lowest wit—its *dramatis personæ* must indulge in the *refinest blackguardism*: that is to say, they must please the ear and the eye with the most despicable scurrility and buffoonery. In short, let them be intellectual Harlequins, and their success is inevitable. Let Mr A or Mr B appear upon our boards, fantastically dressed, with his face distorted after the fashion of a baboon or monkey, and *tune his pipes* to the air of ‘Dennis Brulgruddery’ or ‘Looney M’Twolter,’ or let him personate ‘Bombastes Furioso,’ or the ‘Blue-eyed Monster,’ and our theatre rings with ‘reiterated bursts of applause.’ Now, these lamentable defects can be attributable to no other source than the following:—The refined part of our community dread the theatre as a place of vicious habits, they avoid it as if infected with the foulest atmosphere; but whence the infection arises, their minds are too pious to perceive. They never reflect that it is their absence which brings upon the theatre the evils of which they complain; and hence it is, that the theatre, instead of being, (as in ancient times,) a school for elegant morals, has become the gratification of only the ugliest appetites. If our citizens would better this state of things, let them frequently attend these entertainments; let them receive there nothing but the strictest virtue; let them encourage every noble attempt towards the attainment of these ends; let them teach the uninstructed that they assemble in such a place to learn by living examples, that

‘The dignity of life alone in virtue lies.’*

and if the morals, the taste, and happiness of the community, will not receive great improvement, then we have greatly mistaken the dispositions of men. In the present state of things, the man of genius beholds nothing to call forth his talent. The noblest achievements of his pen are thrust aside, to make room for inferior writers, who have caught the ‘eye of popular favor.’ He labors for an age to produce something worthy of being remitted to posterity, and when he has successfully accomplished his task, he scarcely receives the thanks of his native citizens. This is not applicable only to dramatic literature: we blush to own that

*Eurip: Iphigenia in Aulis.

it is a feature stamped upon its whole body; and yet common minds will wonder how it is possible, that there are not as many fine plays written now, as there were in ancient times. Take every thing into consideration—the discouragement, the want of zeal, and paucity of taste, which a modern audience evinces—and the enthusiasm and glory with which the citizens of Athens and Rome hailed those prize works which have come down to us, and one will perceive that there was much to emulate the writers of those days, while the talent of our country has been left to decay, without that ‘moistening grace’ which would oftentimes tend to rennovate and ripen its fruit. Genius lives by encouragement. The school boy, looking forward to the treasures, which his master has in store, bends his whole mind towards the attainment of his object; and with the same view do men aim at those intellectual virtues which so much adorn and beautify society. To mention particularly what some of the ancient dramatic writers received for the representation of their plays, would astonish many of our readers, though it would serve little to illustrate our subject. But great as it might appear, we cannot perceive that they claim it from any superiority over us. Take the best of their writers, and after excluding a few chorusses, and here and there a noble sentiment to be found in the plays of Euripides*, they will be found to fall far below us in bold and passionate eloquence, tender feeling and intense interest. When we make this assertion, let us be understood as including among the moderns the works of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, and all the subsequent writers, since their day, as well in this country as in Europe.

If we have forgotten the subject we first proposed, our readers will forgive us, especially, when they reflect that what we have said is nothing less than the plain truth. We will come now to examine the merits of our native Drama.—The first play that appears worthy of criticism is ‘The Mysteries of the Castle,’ published in 1807, by John B White.

Mr White is a native of Charleston, and, as a lawyer of considerable talent, practiced here for many years. But circumstances prevailed upon him to leave

*Seneca might, perhaps, be considered another distinguished example of this class, if we may judge from the scraps which he has left behind him.

this place for Columbia, in this State, where, as we understand, he is extensively engaged in the manufacturing interest. His two plays, which comprise the subject of this review, were written in his early manhood: a casualty which should not, however, withhold from them the severity of criticism. But, judging from their style, and the interest of their plots, we feel regret in reflecting that he has not done more in this kind of writing. The materials he certainly has; and, using them with discretionary power, we feel no hesitation in saying, that he might still perfect something in Dramatic Literature worthy of being recorded in its history. In his plays, invention is evident; and, although we cannot speak in the highest terms of his tragic language, still we can commend that power which he possesses of winding up the mind in all the incidents of the story. In our opinion, this is one of the prime qualities of the drama; and if what the critics say be true, viz: that disorderly passions always lead to external misfortunes, and that the writer's aim is to exhibit this in a moral point of view, we certainly think Mr White deserves our approbation. His plots are all simple, and extremely interesting in their issue; and his perfect conception of stage effect, has enabled him to develop them in regular climacteric form. Like the thread in the labyrinth, the nearer we approach its termination, the more anxious becomes our expectation; until, almost overcome by our feelings, we are suddenly relieved by the beautiful prospect that opens upon the eye.

His first play, 'The Mysteries of the Castle,' was published in 1807. The story is well wrought, and carried through with interest. But as our intention is to give sufficient exemplifications, and extracts, we shall leave our readers to judge for themselves.

Lothario, son of Count Reynaldo, of the Castle, Persiles, an Italian nobleman, and friend to Lothario, together with Pedro, valet to the latter, open the first scene. Travelling homeward, they are overtaken by a violent storm, and unable to make their way, they find themselves buried in the dark recesses of a forest, inhabited only by a band of robbers.—Wandering about in this uncertain state of mind, they at last came to the hut of Corsicurbo, one of the band of robbers,

who, upon much entreaty, admits the benighted travellers under the gracious protection of his roof. They remain not long in this situation, before the house is disturbed by the arrival of several of the band, headed by their leader, Fauresco. After entering the house, one of them proffers his assistance as a guide to the strangers; but previously forms a design to murder them on the way. He sets out with them, makes the attempt, and fails, as he himself shall relate:

Spo. Over anxious to secure the prize, I led the cavaliers into the recesses of the forest, and there resolved to make them mine; but eagerness betrayed me; they, mistrustful of my design—

Fau. Be brief—to the sequel.

Spo. Making ready to effect my purpose, one of them, set most furiously upon me, though not till my faithful steel had reached the heart of his companion.

Fau. Indeed! But how escaped you?

Spo. I plunged into a thicket, when the darkness concealed me; but to make a safe retreat, I was compelled to leave my horse in their possession.

Fau. 'Twas injudicious conduct.

Spo. No matter, 'twas a deadly blow, and wisely aimed. It did his business, I'll insure it.

Fau. But they must not escape us: their safety may prove our ruin!

Spo. We have no time to lose, then; if we delay one moment, they will have gained the plains beyond the forest.

Fau. Away! let's on to the spot. In point of number we will at least be equal.

Spo. We need fear nothing from that score. Throughout the affray their courageous valet lay upon the earth, making the forest ring with the outcry of murder.

Fau. Lead on: we must use despatch; away, away! [Exeunt.]

The second act opens with a dialogue between Reynaldo, and Rosalva, his daughter. In it, much natural feeling is displayed, and the affection of the father and sister is beautifully pictured in the anxiety which they seem to feel for the safety of Lothario. The forest scene, between Persiles and Lothario, will be readily acknowledged, and the interview with the Hermit must succeed in touching the heart of every man. What can be more dramatic than the following:

Persil. Then, father, have you never loved!

Hermit. Enough, enough! There you probe my heart! Go to—you are young. Once this breast was sociable as yours may be; active in generous deeds, alive to all the precious joys of love; but it is callous now, hard and cold as the surrounding rocks, repelling the balmy word of comfort, as they the pattering rain. Son, you have probed my heart; you have awakened feelings there, which I had fondly hoped, had slept forever. Oh! you have rekindled the embers of despair within my soul! you have made me feeble, even as a child. Let me begone! let me plunge into everlasting night. [Rushing into his cave.]

The third act develops the whole history of this strange character. He proves to be Lord of Manfroise Castle, about which so much mystery hangs. My Lord Duke, going out upon a hunting excursion, gets some jealous ideas into his head respecting his wife. He accordingly retires from the company in silence, betakes himself home, and there finds his wife's brother; but mistaking him for some intruder, and growing more jealous, without more ado, he murders them both upon the spot. After committing this act of violence, he discovers his brother, who had long been absent, dead before him: he becomes melancholy at the thought, which his own actions recal, and resolves upon secluding himself from the eye of the world; thus hoping, by long penitence to expiate his crime, and die in peace with mankind. His recital of his life, is excellently told, and perfectly in keeping with the plot. The following depicts very naturally the phrenzied state of mind of one of the supposed murderers of the Count Manfroise:

'Rudriago. Look! look! what's that?

'Spoleto. What!

'Gonzales. 'Tis nothing but his evil conscience.

'Rud. There! there! see where it glides along

'Spo. What! does that sickly gleam, which moves along the foot of yonder rock, disturb you thus?

'Rud. As I live, it moves towards the cavern in which the Count was thrown. I have seen the same before, when I have passed this way by night.

'Spo. And what of that? 'Tis nothing but the heated vapor, exhaling from some cave, which glows for awhile: it will soon burst, and be seen no more. I have had them rise before me, from ditch or fen, move slowly to the summit of some cliff; then, with gradual pace, descend, and lose themselves amidst the thickness of the forest.'

In the fourth act, distant music is thus handsomely conceived:

'Lothario. Ha! Whence come those notes?

'Persiles. They are sweet indeed! They surely are struck by more than mortal hand!

'Loth. How softly they swell upon the breeze!
(*Music*)

'Pers. They ebb upon the ear, like the murmuring waves upon the sea shore—They are gone! (*Music swells, then dies away*) Listen to those broken notes—all is hushed! (*Music.*) again it comes!—all again is still as death! I never heard till now such melody!

'Loth. It is the same as that I heard when wandering here before—(*Music.*) O that I could kiss the hand which sent them!

The fifth act unfolds the whole plot, which is simply this: The Hermit proves to be the former Lord of Manfroise Castle, and his wife and brother, whom he pre-supposed murdered, are unexpectedly reunited to him. Fauresco, the main

personage in the play, is betrayed by Corsicurbo, his accomplice, and he falls with the ruins of the Castle, a miserable victim of revenge. Count Manfroise is preserved, together with his family and friends, and they retire peaceably from our sight, to enjoy the happiness awaiting them.

'*Modern Honor*' is the next of his plays that we shall notice. Its object was to divert our young men from the disgraceful practice of Duelling, which then prevailed in our community to a considerable degree. The plot which he formed for this purpose was well conceived, and its representation, in a great measure, brought about the happy issue he so zealously anticipated. For the benefit of our readers, we shall analyze the story:

Woodville, a young gentleman of respectable connexions, and distinguished by all the particular traits of character peculiar to a man of his station—generous and high minded—but open, unfortunately, to the snares of the world, pledges his heart and his honor to Maria, a young lady resembling him in disposition and temper, as much as it is possible for one sex to represent another. This young lady is beautiful of course, polite and accomplished, and connected in a family of equal respectability with that of her lover. Their pledges are sanctioned by their respective families, and considered in the same light by their several acquaintances. Nothing is wanting to complete the happiness of these two, save the more solemn annunciation of the priest, that their hearts are one and united. In the mean time, a plot of the blackest kind is raised, in order to wean the affections of Woodville from the faithful Maria. Forsythe, the esteemed friend of Woodville, is the base perpetrator of this plan. He first, in the absence of his friend, attempts to impeach his character, by some foul insinuations, which he throws out to Charles Devalmore, brother of Maria.—He next proposes to take the life of Woodville, by means of assassins, and afterwards to win the heart of his beautiful mistress. In this he fails. He, however, succeeds in distracting Woodville from the faithful object of his love, by intimating to him that she had proved false after his departure from home. The picture which our author draws of Woodville's agitated mind at this news, is heartfelt and touching: and we say it

with praise to Mr White, that if his character of Woodville does not display in this scene all the perturbation, and anguish, and doubt of mind, which features the Moor of Venice, he claims at least many of his most striking qualities. Fauresco, to give Woodville 'the ocular proof,' employs one of his accomplices to ascend by a ladder to the chamber of Maria. Her former lover, in the meantime, stands in a garden adjacent, from whence he beholds the accomplice ascend. It is too much for his noble heart to bear. He rushes forward upon the villain, and encounters him: they fight for a while; Woodville is overcome, and his antagonist escapes. The alarm is spread; Charles Devalmore enters the garden, and finds Woodville senseless upon the ground. When recovered, he explains the cause of his situation, but misunderstanding one another by the machinations of Forsythe, they part upon very unfriendly terms, notwithstanding the kind interference of Maria. A duel on the morrow is fought between Woodville and Devalmore, in which the latter is killed. His thoughts, before pursuing his purpose, are highly pathetic: every one will perceive the force which they naturally display:

'Devalmore Thus far have I escaped without her knowledge.

The tender partner of my bosom sleeps,
Dreaming little, that, perhaps, we meet no more
From her sweet lips, I stole one parting kiss,
And on my knees consigned her to my God

(Listening at the chamber door for some time.)

All now is still as death. No one suspects
The dread design on which my mind is bent—
I may accomplish all before they rise:
Then must I begone, and yet I cannot go,
Till I've imprinted on my children's lips
Their father's last adieu—

How soft and quietly they rest—my babe,
At ease upon her mother's bosom lies,
And knows no higher bliss; whilst my loved
Charles,

Tranquil as innocence can make him, sleeps,
Dreaming of joys to-morrow may bring forth.
Sleep on, and should this head be lowly laid,
May heaven prove a father to you both—
But time flies on. The fatal hour is nigh.
I'll steal another kiss, and then begone—

(Going softly into the chamber.)

Caroline. Save my husband! Stay, my 'loved
Devalmore!

(Devalmore rushes hastily out of the chamber.)

Dev. Her anxious spirit turns towards me in
sleep.—

How is it with me, that in my own house,
I seem to play the night-thief, and tremble
At that lov'd voice which once my ears enchanted:
O, nights of bliss, forever gone! never,
Never to return!

(Leans against the door, and listens.)

Nothing now I hear, save the soft breathing
Of my wife and children. All again is still.

*He enters the chamber, and is absent for some
time. At length he comes out, bearing Charles
in his arms, asleep.)*

Receive thy father's blessing, and his last
Adieu—My Clara, too! my heart will burst
If I too long upon this subject dwell.

Adieu, my Charles! farewell, beloved Charles!

When in the dust thy father's head is laid,
Whisper soft comfort to thy widowed mother;
With tender prattle, cheer her drooping soul,
And make her covet life for sake of thee.—

(Gazing on him in silence for some time.)

How dead the sleep which weighs his eye lids
down.

Ah, sweet, unconscious babe! never those eyes
On thy loved father's face will light again!—

Charles, Charles, Charles! look upon me once
more, boy!

Char. What, father, here is Charles.

Dev. Hush, hush sleep on—

This nearly shakes my stubborn resolution.

Pause but a moment longer, and I'm lost!—

So, then, 'tis done!—The struggle now is past.

Ye ministers of death, let us be gone.—

(Looking anxiously into the chamber.)

Sleep on, until the fatal deed is done:

And though my fall may bury you in woe,

My life shall never bring dishonor on you.

[Exit hastily.]

In the fifth act, we discover the whole plot:—Woodville challenges Forsythe, and is killed, while the real cause of the whole disaster is left to march off, subject to the reader's own imagination.

Upon the whole, '*Modern Honor*' is a commendable performance. Though tame in many parts, still there are some scenes that would add to the credit of any author; and when we consider the motives for which this play was written, we should highly appreciate the spirit that dictated them. At the time Mr White published his production, duelling, (as we have already hinted,) was quite fashionable in our community. He perceived this, and, like a Christian man, resolved to attack the custom with his pen. For that purpose, he introduced the play now before us, which, under the garb of tragedy, upholds the most elegant moral. He well knew that the stage, and not the pulpit, was the place to cruminate the evil; for there the heart opens itself to feeling, and the mind is willing to reason. There, the moral of actions, is set before us in colors of real life, and if in viewing them, we are not convinced in their favor, it is because our hearts are callous to every thing like feeling. The man who makes such an attempt, under similar circumstances, should receive the full meed of praise, though his performance prove unsuccessful. How much, then, do we owe to him who attains the whole

object for which he writes. But we have exceeded our present limits. In our next, we shall finish with Mr White, and go on with those writers that succeed him in the history of the Drama.

Letters from the Ægean, by James Emerson, Esq. New York, 1829.

These Letters, ambitious and ornate in point of style, have nevertheless, the merit of being very interesting. They speak of a country with which is allied many of our most impressive associations. They name and describe places, with which the most delightful of all histories has already made us familiar; and they describe the prostrated glory and loveliness of a land, which though trampled on and desolate, is glorious and lovely still. We cannot say that Mr Emerson's book is at all statistical in its character. It is too desultory and occasional to be so. We consider this, however, no fault in a book of this kind; and shall always be perfectly content to leave the detailed minutiae of petty revenue and expenditure for the traditionary lore of a people like the Greeks; and at so interesting a period as that, to which Mr Emerson has been pleased to direct our intention. We give the following melancholy incident. The work abounds with statements of a similar character, serving to entertain that which might otherwise have been fatiguing and dull.

‘His name was W——, and his father, a gentleman in opulent circumstances, is still resident in Dublin, where he was originally destined for the profession of medicine, in the preparatory studies for which he had made considerable advancement. It happened that the hospital in which he was in the habit of attending clinical lectures, and where a considerable portion of his time was spent, adjoined a private establishment for the cure of insane patients, and the garden of the one was separated from the grounds of the other by a wall of inconsiderable height. One day, whilst lingering in the walks in the rear of the hospital, his ear was struck with the plaintive notes of a voice in the adjacent garden, which sang with peculiar sweetness, a melancholy Irish air; curiosity prompted him to see who the minstrel was, and clambering to an aperture in the dividing wall, he saw immediately below him a beautiful girl, who sat in a mournful abstraction beneath a tree pluck-

ing the leaves from a rose-bud as she sang her plaintive ditty. As she raised her head and observed the stranger before her, she smiled and beckoned him to come to her; after a moment's hesitation and reflection on the consequence, he threw himself over the wall, and seated himself beside her. Her mind seemed in a state of perfect simplicity; her disorder appeared to have given her all the playful gentleness of childhood, and, as she fixed her dark expressive eyes on his, she would smile and caress him, and sing over and over the song she was trilling when he had first heard her. Struck with the novelty of such a situation, and the beauty of the innocent and helpless being before him, W—— stayed long enough to avoid detection, and then returned by the same means he had entered the garden, but not till she had induced him to promise to come again and see her.

‘The following day he returned and found her at the same spot, where she said she had been singing for a long time before, in hopes to attract his attention again. He now calmly endeavored to find out her story, or the cause of her derangement but his efforts were unavailing, or her words so incoherent as to convey no connected meaning. She was, however, more staid and melancholy while he remained with her, and smiled and sighed, and wept and sang by turns, till it was time for him to again bid her adieu. With the exception of those childlike wanderings, she betrayed no other marks of insanity; her aberrations were merely playful and innocent; she was often sad and melancholy, but often lively and light-spirited.

‘W—— felt an excitement in her presence which he had never known before; she appeared to him a pure child of Nature, in the extreme of Nature's loveliness. She seemed not as one whom reason had deserted, but as a being who had never mingled with the world, and dwelt in the midst of its vice and deformity in primeval beauty and uncontaminated innocence and affection.

‘His visits were now anxiously repeated and as eagerly anticipated by his interesting companion, to whom he found himself, almost involuntarily, deeply attached, the more so, perhaps, from the romantic circumstances of the case, and the secrecy which it was absolutely en-

cessary to maintain of the whole affair, so that no ear was privy to his visits, and no eye had marked their meetings. At length, however, the matter began to effect a singular change in the mind of the lady, which became every day more and more composed, though still subject to wanderings and abstraction; but the new passion, which was daily taking possession of her mind, seemed to be eradicating the cause, or, at least, counteracting the effects of her malady.

'This alteration was soon visible to the inmates of the house, and the progress of her recovery was so rapid as to induce them to seek for some latent cause, and to watch her frequent and prolonged visits to the garden; the consequence was, that at their next meeting an eye was on them which reported the circumstance of W——'s visit to the superior of the establishment; an immediate stop was then put to his return, and the lady's walks confined to another portion of the grounds. The consequences were soon obvious; her regret and anxiety served to recall her disorder with redoubled vigor, and in the paroxysms of her delirium she eagerly demanded to be again admitted to see him.

'A communication was now made to her parents, containing a detail of all the circumstances,—her quick recovery, her relapse, and the apparent cause of both; and, after some conferences, it was resolved that W—— should be invited to renew his visits, and the affair permitted to take its natural course. He accordingly repaired to the usual rendezvous, where she met him with the most impassioned eagerness, affectionately reproached his absence, and welcomed him with fond and innocent caresses. He now saw her as frequently as before, and a second time her recovery was rapidly progressing, till at length she was so far restored that her parents resolved on removing her to her own house, and she accordingly bade adieu to the asylum.

'There were here some circumstances which W——'s companion, Mr R——, related indistinctly, or of which I retain but an imperfect recollection; and he who could alone have informed me of them was gone to his long home before I heard his singular story. It appeared however, that, after some further intercourse, he was obliged to be absent from Ireland for some time, and during that in-

terval, the progress of her mind to perfect collectedness continued uninterrupted; but her former *memory* seemed to decay with her disease, and she gradually forgot her lover.

'Long protracted illness ensued, and her spirits and constitution seemed to droop with exhaustion after their former unhealthy excitement, till at length, after a tedious recovery from a series of relapses, her faculties were perfectly restored; but every trace of her former situation, or the events which had occurred during her illness and residence in Dublin, had vanished like a dream from her memory, nor did her family ever venture to touch her feelings by a recurrence to them.

'In the mean time W—— returned, and eagerly flew to embrace, after so long a separation, her who had never passed from his thoughts and his remembrance. Her family felt for him the warmest gratitude and affection, from the consciousness that he had been made the main instrument in the restoration of their daughter, but the issue of this interview they awaited with the most painful suspense. She had long ceased to mention his name, or betray any symptoms of recollecting him; he seemed to have passed from her remembrance with the other less important items of her situation, and this moment was now to prove to them whether any circumstance could make the stream of melancholy roll back to this distracted period of her intellect.

From the shock of that interview W—— never recovered. She received him as her family had anticipated; she saw him as a mere uninteresting stranger; she met him with calm, and cold politeness, and could ill conceal her astonishment at the agitation and despair of his manner, when he found too truly that he was no longer remembered with the fond affection he had anticipated. He could not repress his anxiety to remind her of their late attachment, but she only heard his distant hints with astonishment and haughty surprise. He now found that the only step which remained for him was to endeavor to make a second impression on her renovated heart; but he failed. There was still some mysterious influence which attached their minds, but the alliance on her part had totally changed its former tone, and when she did permit her thoughts to dwell upon him, it was rather with aversion than esteem; and her

family, after long encouraging his addresses, at length persuaded him to forego his suit, which with a heavy and a hopeless heart he assented to, and bade her adieu for ever.

'But the die of his fortune was cast; he could no longer walk heedlessly by those scenes where he had once spent hours of happiness, and he felt that, wander where he might, that happiness could never return. At length, to crown his misery, the last ray of hope was shortly after shaded by the marriage of his mistress. W—— now abandoned every prospect at home, and, in order to shake off that melancholy which was gathering like rust around his heart, went to the Continent; but change of scene is but a change of ill to those who must bear with them the cause of their sorrow, and find within 'that aching void the world can never fill.' He hurried in vain from one scene of excitement to another; society had no spell to sooth his memory, and change no charm to lull it.

'Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.'

At length he joined the cause of the struggling Greeks, and his name has been often and honorably mentioned among the companions of Lord Byron at Missolonghi. After his Lordship's death he still remained in Greece, but his constitution was too weak to permit him to be of active service as a Palikari. He had, therefore, taken a post in the garrison, which held possession of the castle and town of Navarino, in the Morea, and was wounded in the action at Sphacteria, in the summer of 1825.

'The unskilful management of a native surgeon during his confinement in the fortress, previous to its surrender to Ibrahim Pacha, and a long and dangerous fever from the malaria of Pylos, combined with scanty diet and bad attendance from his Greek domestics, united with his broken spirit to bring on a rapid consumption.'

This Sketch is novel and peculiarly interesting. We conclude with the termination of the story, given in another place; and cordially recommend 'The Letters from the Ægean' to the reader.

'The following day we called to see W——, but we found that human sympathy would soon cease to avail him; the step of death was already on his threshold. The surgeon of one of the ships of war had been to see him, but all

prospect of his surviving had fled. The fatigue of his removal from the vessel, his exposure to the sun in the boat while landing, and his annoyance at the inn, seemed to have hurried down the few remaining sands of his glass; and he felt himself, that time was drawing to a close with him.

He was perfectly collected, and, as fully as he could, was giving his last directions to his friend, who had so generously attended him; he spoke much of his family, and gave particular messages to each, pointing out to R——, the various little trinkets which he wished to send them as dying memorials of himself; a ring, which he still wore on his finger, and which bore the inscription 'To the memory of my dear mother,' he desired might be buried with him, together with a locket which was suspended from his neck, and contained a lock of raven hair; he did not mention whose.

But words could not paint the expression of his countenance, nor the sad sublimity of his voice, when, for the last time, he feebly grasped the hand of his affectionate friend, thanked him for all his former kindness, and bade him his last mortal farewell; he shortly after sank into an apparently painless lethargy, from which he never aroused himself.

It was evening before he died; there was not a breadth of wind to wave the branches of the peach trees around his window, through which the sunbeams were streaming on his death-bed, tinged with the golden dyes of sunset. It was in a remote corner of Smyrna, and no sound disturbed the silent progress of death; the sun went down at length behind the hills; the clear calm voice of the Muezzin from his tower, came from the distant city, and again all was repose. We approached the bed of W——, but his soul had bidden adieu to mortality; he had expired but a moment before, without a sigh and without a struggle.

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Tales of The Good Woman; By a Doubtful Gentleman. New York, 1829.

Mr Paulding is generally understood to be the author of this excellent and truly valuable volume; valuable, whether we regard the end which he seems to have had in view, or the manner in which he has endeavored to attain it. Although, on the face of it purporting to be a mere collection of light stories, we do not know

that we have ever read a volume of a more exalted, purely toned morality. Each story, for the book is divided into several, has in view the inculcation of a sound rule, or the suppression of an improper principle. Virtue is shown along with vice, and stripped of ornament, they are admirably contrasted with one another. The introductory paper, descriptive of the supposed author, is an effort at the grave burlesque, which is laboriously humorous and sportively dull.

'The Yankee Roue,' the first story in the collection, is a plain and rather unambitious description of the adventures of an ignorant youth, who, by the absurdities of an uncle as ignorant as himself, becomes the possessor of a large fortune, with which he sets out on his travels in order, as the phrase is, to 'see the world.' His notions of gentility teach him that to spend his money freely, and without reserve; to become the dupe of fashionable sharpers, and to ape the follies of noble rakes and debauchees, is all that is necessary to the acquisition of this most desirable of all characters. He is fleeced of his wealth abroad, and no longer able to hold his former rank and appearance, he returns home ignorant, impudent and impoverished. After a variety of adventures of a low and uninteresting character, arising out of the novelties of his new mode of life, he gradually sinks away into his original nothingness.

'The Drunkard,' is one of the most continuously powerful efforts at description in low life, that we ever remember to have read; and as we are sorry to believe, by no means an exaggerated description of most of that wretched class. We recommend this volume to the head of every family as much from this one picture, as from any thing else. It is a powerful, an awful, and we fear, a true and perfect delineation of the features of this most pernicious and brutalizing of all vices. We give a brief extract.

'The depredations I had committed on the inheritance of my children, were now brought to light, by that inevitable train of events, which never fails, sooner or later, to bring the villain to his reckoning. Nearly at the same time, my estate was advertised by the sheriff, on a foreclosure of the mortgage. It was thus discovered that I was a beggar when I married, and that I had since become a scoundrel. Even my unbending pride,

aided by the maddening bowl, could not stand this. I could not endure the sight of those, who from having once looked up to me, now shunned me with averted eyes, or gave me only glances of cool contempt. No man, however degraded in his own estimation, can bear the scorn of his equals; the very pick-pocket aspires to an equality with his fellow pick-pockets, and will quarrel for precedence, like a courtier.

'One day I happened to meet an old acquaintance, in company with two or three gentlemen, in such a way that it was impossible for him to pretend not to see me, or for me to avoid him, without actually sneaking away. I accosted him, but he took no notice of me. 'I believe you don't know me,' said I. 'O yes, I do know you,' he replied, and turned on his heel. The emphasis he laid on this little word was admirably expressive. I understood it, and so did the gentlemen present. My blood boiled, and the more, for knowing I deserved this treatment. I poured forth a deluge of invectives, and provoked him at length so far to forget himself as to knock me down. That very hour I sent him a challenge, for I was not yet low enough to put up with a blow, and though I acknowledged to my own heart that I deserved the treatment I had received, still I burned for revenge. It was in vain that the friend to whom the gentleman applied to carry his answer, represented me as unworthy of his notice, a man without any reputation to lose, and to whom a blow could add no deeper disgrace. 'I should have thought of all this before I gave the blow,' he replied. 'Having noticed him in the first instance, I have no right to say now, that he is beneath my notice. I must offer either apology or atonement. I cannot descend to beg his pardon, and there is but one other alternative.'

'But he is a disgraced man.'

'True, yet I had no right to add to his disgrace.'

'He gave the first provocation.'

'Aye, but if he was so far degraded as to be unworthy of my anger, I had no business to be angry with him. I forgot he was beneath my notice when I gave the offence; I have no right now to say he is so, when he demands satisfaction. I know it is the morality of the day, to bandy reproaches, to offend public decency, to outrage a man's feelings in eve-

ry possible way, and when called upon for atonement, to plead either scruples of conscience, or inferiority in the other party. Neither this species of piety, nor this morality satisfies me. I must meet this man.'

'Under the influence of these mixed principles of right and wrong, did this high spirited young man consent to meet me. My habitual excesses had so shattered my nervous system, that nothing but copious draughts could steady my hand. I drank deep that morning, and though my vision was indistinct, my hand did not tremble. My second, one of my old club companions, who was an amateur of duelling—that is to say in the second, not in the first person, gave me many special directions how to hold my pistol, and when to fire. But I was stupified by the time we got to the ground, and every object swam before my eyes, as if floating on the waves. I scarcely heard the words, 'one—two—three—fire!' I raised my pistol mechanically, and yet, strange and inscrutable dispensation! my antagonist fell dead at the first fire. A mother lost her only son, an amiable and virtuous woman, an affectionate husband; and three children became orphans; for the wife survived the shock but a few months. Thus, as my worthy second assured me triumphantly; thus, and at this price, had I vindicated my honor. What honor? The honor of an unnatural brother, a brutal husband, an unfeeling father, a beastly sot!'

'Dyspepsy' and 'Old Times in the New World' complete the volume. The last of these pieces we read with pleasure; it contains, however, nothing of an exciting interest.

The Collegians. In two volumes. New York. J & J Harper, 1829.

A work of considerable force and interest. Some of the inferior characters are finely and vigorously sketched; and the familiar dialogue is written with much ease, vivacity and correctness. The tale is highly pathetic and the interest grows as it proceeds. Both of the females who occupy the highest situation in the work are ably drawn. Anne Chute, we almost love, and Eily O'Conner, we pity. The story is briefly this. Hardress Cregan, the hero of the work, in a moment of boyish passion, marries a young girl, (Eily O'Conner) in humbler circumstances than his own, and neither calculated by for-

tune or education to occupy the station to which she had been raised. The momentary impulse of the young husband's gone, he regrets his bargain. Influenced by a new passion for another, (Anne Chute) his wife becomes an object of hatred and disgust. Urged by his mother, a proud and rather interesting woman, he gives way to his natural impulses, and forms a new engagement with the last mentioned lady. To remove every obstacle, he gives a warrant to a too faithful retainer, to convey his wedded wife to America. This confidante construing liberally his commission, according to the wants, though not the commands of his master, murders the unfortunate woman. The discovery of the crime, the execution of the murderer, to whom the unfortunate master applies the language of King John, to Hubert, on the supposed murder of Arthur,

'It is the curse of Kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law.'—*King John, Act IV.*

And the transportation and death of the wretched author of it all, forms the rough outline; the filling up and coloring, together with much minor incident, liberally introduced, render the work highly interesting.

The Yankee, and Boston Literary Gazette, No 1, Monthly. Edited by John Neal.

The first number of this new periodical we have just glanced at. The change from the weekly, to the monthly form, can hardly be considered of advantage, if we may judge in any measure of the Boston by the Carolinian taste. With us, nothing is readable, that requires an effort, and the material of the Quarterly and Monthly, is wretchedly fatiguing to the summer reader. Even now, we are called upon to effect another change and make ours a weekly. We would make it whatever the public thinks best, could we be paid for it. What says 'The Yankee?'

American Monthly. Boston: Nos. 3 and 4, edited by Willis.

There is less child's play in the matter of the two last numbers of our friend's Journal. This we are glad of. Our only fear for Willis, is that he may be spoiled like Percival, by the injudicious praise of those incapable of judging. He is too accessible, i. e. not proud enough. Does he take?



ORIGINAL POETRY.

My Time.

I care not to record the years
That Time at each returning bears,
Far other themes for me,
To meet him on his rapid flight,
With something, which, however light,
He shall not blush to see.

Alas! the rule so oft laid down—
I find neglected for the town,
My time is not my own,
But this one comes, to try his pow'r
In social confab for an hour,
And thus—the hour is gone.

My wife inclined to spend the day
Abroad, must surely have her way,
There's no great 'harm in that,
Were she contended, so to do
Alone, but 'husband must go too,
So bring his gloves and hat!

That day is lost—luxurious diet
For two days more destroys my quiet—
I take a dose of salts,
And then the consequence is clear,
Another day must disappear—
Time, never idly halts.

A boor assails me, to remark,
The weather is extremely dark,
He hopes it will not rain,
He does not measure my long walk,
Nor appetite, while he doth talk,
Of what is worse than vain.

At four, my books and desk prepared,
My ink and paper nicely aired,
I sit me down to write,
When, hark! the knocker—to the gate
The servant flies,—another fate,
Is full before my sight.

'Pray, who lives here, I merely came
And knock'd to learn the owner's name—
No harm I hope, sir, done!
And this too, when my fever'd blood,
Has wrought me to a savage mood,
Politeness makes me shun!

What can I do, but answer all
He asks, invite him to the hall,
And have the brandy got,
Yet all the while, be forced to wish
The devil had him in a dish
On coals confounded hot.

Of all the fools that lip beset—
At least, of all the kinds I've met,
O! hear my pray'r ye Gods—
Protect me from the vainer ass,
Whose impudence is but the pass,
To bore his brother sods!

Song.

Oh! frailer than hope or than pleasure,
More frail than the rainbow's bright hue,
Is the dear, but the fleeting heart treasure,
I thought to have gathered from you.

Life hast'ns me but to bring me assurance,
Which has fallen like a blight on my soul,
Of the transient and futile endurance
Of the dream which to life was the whole.

Time may come, and old age cast around me
Its white frozen tints on my brow,
But the snows with which Fortune has crown'd
Will ne'er be as fatal as now. [me,

Hope may come like the fitful deceiver
That wrong'd my belief once before;
But a true and confiding believer,
It never shall find in me more.

Go, frail deceiver! as sorrow
Has seldom the power to lure,
It may be thou wilt scorn to borrow
One off'ring from bosom so poor. P.

Sonnet.

Here on this bank of bruised violets,
That the crush'd odour comes from, lie thee
down,
And listen to the silence, and leaves blown,
Until thy overtask'd, sad heart forgets
The riot and the action of yon town.
There every passion sickens, ere 'tis spent;
Here others follow ere the first are done;
Each than the other far more innocent,
More pleasant, and more easy to be won.
And woman, thou shalt see her, as at first,
When on a bank like this, in Eden sleeping,
On the forlorn inhabitant she burst,
Like a rich-vein'd and tinctured rainbow,
leaping
From the retiring storm, where it was nurst.

Sonnet.

Voices are on the winds—I hear them now,
Floating around me, musical and sweet,
As are the waves of ocean, when they meet,
Curling and flashing round some sunny prow!
And with a rippling flow of melody,
Retiring from the lately sought embrace,
Mingling in murmurs with the parent sea—
As hearts returning to some long lost place!
How melancholy, yet how sweet withal,
Is the low, mournful music of their fall!
'They swell upon my spirit's ear at night,
And morning bears them on her rosy wings,
As from her velvet couch i'the east she springs—
Childhood, they are thy many-voiced delights!

Sonnet.

To-morrow I shall meet a laborer,
(To whom I owe money for work done)—
Whom I shall meet and yet be glad to shun,
It was a set day which I did prefer
As one on which it should be fully paid,
He will address me with a patient 'Sir'
I am in want'—emphatically said
For it is truth—and I, alas! must stir
From my invention, up, some poor reply
Of mean evasion—wherefore was I born
To be, great God, the thing of mine own scorn,
To feel a want, I cannot satisfy,
Yet nothing superfluous—all in need,
They hungering, whom I love, for whom, I'd bleed!

Stanzas.

And thou hast lost dominion's throne,
 And realms of gentle eyes,
 That bow'd before thy sway alone,
 Now all thy power despise :
 Shame paints her blush upon thy cheek,
 Grief wears thy bloom away—
 Ah ! me, could silent features speak
 What would thy pale lips say !

What faded hopes of early time
 When joy was all thine own !
 Thy heart just budding into prime,
 Was like a flow'r, new-blown—
 No tint too deep, no ray too light,
 But all so sweetly true,
 That he who holds thee now, in sight,
 Must, doubting, turn to view.

How could he think that Time should dare
 Take such dominion on,
 And bid thy brow a feature wear,
 Thy life had never won.
 What license had he to replace
 With grief's dead, passive glance
 That glowing eye that matchless grace,
 Thy youths inheritance.

I saw thee in that early hour,
 And all my heart can say,
 Is that it weeps the mournful power
 To see thy look to day !
 To know that all the blush is gone,
 That spoke so winningly—
 And all the sunny smiles are flown
 That wrought a smile to see.

I do remember every look
 Thou worst in thy youth,
 And how each sweet expression took
 The morning bloom of truth,
 Thy smile was not the vulgar smile,
 Thy voice was like a birds,
 No tone was false, no thought was guile,
 In thy remember'd words.

A brighter, happier maid, than thee,
 Mine eye had never seen,
 What hadst thou done, that destiny
 Should blight thy summer's green—
 Had sin impress'd her burning kiss
 On thine impassion'd brow,
 To bring about a change like this,
 That doth affect thee now.

My sole adventure look'd for long,
 Since all my wealth was there,
 Thro' nature's change, thro' human wrong—
 My hope thro' every care—
 Alas ! when deemed from peril free,
 When most assured and needed most,
 I come to find the raging sea,
 My vessel wreck'd, my treasure lost.

Thro' many a sorrow which I've borne,
 In griefs despite without a tear,
 Midst fortunes frown and friendship's scorn,
 Midst all that human hearts must bear,
 When struggling in the world of strife,
 Where all are false and some are foes,
 For that dark boon of sorrow, life—
 Thou wert my haven of repose !

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And I have come that calm to find,
 To gain that moonlight of the soul,
 That still has soften'd all my mind,
 When clouds would rise and tempests roll,
 To come at last and meet the pure
 And beautiful pale form that shone—
 All guilt and rottenness at core,
 The spirit fled, the temple lone !

Now what art thou, and what am I,
 Yet what are now my hopes to thee,
 Can aught restore thee purity,
 Or give my peace again to me ?
 Thou hear'st, and yet thou heedst me not,
 Thy consciousness of thought is gone,
 And in this melancholy spot
 Thou standest like a form of stone.

Thy consciousness is all within,
 Where company most foul and strange,
 With vacant looks, and thoughts of sin
 Together herd, and idly range.
 Are these, the promises of life,
 Thy loves, thy hopes and fears,
 Thus minist'ring to sin and strife,
 In shame, and guilt and many tears.

Yet let me doubt, if I may doubt
 The glance that tells so much of wo ;
 Tell me thou hast the pain, without
 The speechless guilt that made it so :
 Whisper conviction in a look,
 And I will on its tale rely ;
 And deem thy countenance a book
 Of truth, though stained by misery !

I hear them speak in doubtful tone—
 I would not aught believe :
 Unmeet to join with word of one
 That I must ever grieve :
 They tell me not of thoughtlessness ;
 And when they breathe the name
 That in my heart had come to bless,
 They turn away in shame.

Speak to me : if they wrong thee, speak,
 And they shall write thee well,
 Speak to me, what that lily cheek
 Has said, alas ! too well.
 Yet, lady, if they wrong thee not—
 Be still—I would not hear
 That there is on that heart a blot
 I still must hold so dear.

Give me one look of promise ; one—
 One whisper, though it be as faint
 And false as that when first alone
 We met, and thou—oh ! words can paint
 No likeness of thy beauty then :
 Say thou art injured—look the word—
 And through the land of living men,
 I tell thee, thou shalt yet be heard !

Thou speak'st not : tears are in thine eye,
 Which, if they wrong thee, shed no more ;
 For why should worth look guiltily—
 Canst thou not grant when I implore ?
 Yet, if their tale be sooth, forbear ;
 Let the mute language flow :
 Alas ! it still impendeth there—
 Oh ! God, and must thou perish so !



GENERAL MISCELLANY.

Rhetoric—Part 3d.

Memory, Wit, Reason, Sentiment and Imagination, impart the strength, harmony and beauty, which result from their various operations. Memory exposes the subject in a plain, uniform, and rapid manner. It avoids studied reflections, romantic or poetical descriptions, and rhetorical artifice. Wit is to spread charms by diversified, ingenious and vivid representations of men and things. It requires allusions, contrasts and pointed epigrams. Reason reflects and judges with severity, analyses with precision, unfolds to extent, resumes with method, and pronounces with dignity. Sentiment expresses with freedom, pathos, and in an insinuating manner. It apostrophizes in an animated strain, exclaims and repeats with energy, and utters pressing solicitations. Finally, Imagination calls its imitative powers; enthusiastic, original, creative, it displays with profusion the pomp of metaphor, the striking effects of comparison, the picturesque allegory, and all the melody of inversion.

The style can also adapt the sounds to the movement of the action described; so as to produce a kind of conformity of sound to sense, or the influence of resemblances between the signs and the things signified; for every language comprehends all the properties fit to exercise such power, either from the nature of primitive sounds, or from their mixture and combination. 'The imitative power,' says the writer I first mentioned, 'must be greatest, when the subject itself is things audible. One sound may surely have a greater resemblance to another sound, than it can have to any thing of a different nature. In the description, therefore, of the terrible thunder, whirlwind and tempest—of the cooling zephyr and gentle gale—or of any thing that is sonorous, the imitation that may be made by the sound of the description, though the resemblance, even here, if abstractedly considered, will certainly be more perfect than can well be expected in what

concerns things purely intelligible, or visible, or tangible.' Hear Mr Pope's attempt at imitation :

'Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrents
 roar.'

Another instance from his translation of a passage much admired in Homèr :

'Up the high hill he heaves a huge, round stone :
The huge, round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the
 ground.'

The following description of a serpent, by Tasso, who, according to the commentator on Milton, surpasses any other attempt, well deserves our notice in what concerns things purely visible.

The translation given herewith can afford no adequate idea of the force and elegance of the original; and, in fact, a paraphrase however well done would fall short of the admirable adaptation of sound to sense in the description :—

'Aloft his head and squalid breast he held,
Bestreak'd with gold; his neck with anger
 swell'd;

Fire fill'd his eyes; he hid the path beneath;
And smoke and poison issued with his breath.
Now in rich curl his scaly length he wound;
Now trailed his opening folds along the ground.'

The next passage is from Paradise Lost. In Milton's description of the opening of Hell's gates, in which the imitative power of the articulate is very distinctive :

'On a sudden fly
With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.'

But how sweetly are his numbers flowing in the following lines, fourth book of the same poem :

'Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.'
And in the Allegro, where rural pleasures
are described :

'When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd shade.'

The next citation, from Dyer, will be noticed as an excellent attempt of this way :

'The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his orison, hears
Aghast the voice of time disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate, down dashed,
Rattling round, loud thundering to the moon.'

The movement of the next lines, from Gray's Progress of Poetry, truly exhibits the expression of majesty and grace :

'Slow melting strains the queen's approach
 declare;
Where'er she turns, the graces homage pay;
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,

In gliding state, she wins her easy way ;
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of
love.'

These verses, glowing with attic beauty and exquisite taste, recall to our mind Milton's representation of Eve :

' Grace was in all her step, heaven in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love.

I shall conclude with an extract from that celebrated Ode, 'Alexander's Feast,' in which the measures of the grave, iambic, the brisk trochaic, and rapid anapest alternately express dignity, joviality and frantic rage.

' The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around ;

A present deity the vaulted roofs resound.

With ravished ears

The monarch hears,

Assumes the God,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

Bacchus ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain ;

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure. —

Revenge ! Revenge ! Timotheus cries :

See, the fairies rise !

See, the snakes that they rear !

How they hiss in their hair !

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes.

Behold ! how they toss their torches on high !

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile gods !

The princes applaud with a furious joy,

And the king seized a flambeau in zeal to destroy.

Thus, through the various combinations of long and short syllables in a sentence, the sound is made an echo to the sense, as Pope expresses it, from being susceptible of an affinity to the subject, by which the impression is to be a considerable degree strengthened. And sure it is proper to observe, with a judicious critic, that although the feet employed in ancient poetry are not in strict propriety applicable to the measures adopted by the English prosody ; yet there is a rythmus in the English poetry plainly discernible by the ear, and bearing at least some analogy to the Greek and Latin feet, the iambic verse admitting the spondee or the anapest, for protracting or for quickening the expression. It is also remarkable, that though the English language may be outdone in a particular excellence of sound by the Italian, or French sweetness, the Spanish majesty, or perhaps the German bluster ; yet none of them is, in this respect, so various as the English, and can equal it in all its qualities.

Eloquence, or the art of persuasion, was highly cultivated throughout the an-

cient times ; but only rose to a conspicuous degree at those periods when governments felt the love of freedom, and orators sprung to breathe the public spirit into their countrymen, and to guard their sacred rights. The strength of their eloquence, like Minerva's Ægis, protected their liberties, quickened their patriotic feelings, and prompted them to generous deeds. From this source spread the vehement and rapid olynthiacs and philippics of Demosthenes, the splendid and persuasive orations of Cicero, which enchained the attention of the popular assemblies of Greece and Rome, and still claim our individual admiration.

I have named Greece, whose present state awakes in every bosom the most lively sympathies, on whose soil sweet poesy once blended its blossoms with the palms of manly eloquence ; whose classic stores spread the treasures of intelligence into far-distant lands, and whose wise laws illumed the Roman mind. Blessed with the dawn of freedom, that broke upon her like the vision of the past, we saw her witnessing the revival of her Spartan bands : the soul of Leonidas seemed to blow the immortal flame. But, alas ! the ruthless spoiler came ; the soldier of Ismael covered her fair soil with slaughter and desolation. Behold him, in his barbarian warfare, insulting, profaning the ' shrine of majesty,' laving his bloody arms amongst the lilies of the Eurotas ; and upon the graves and sad remains of what was once the famed Sparta, grinning a ghastly smile, while musing over the unmanly extermination.

Summit of Taygetus ! Banks of the Pæneus ! Silent vales of this beautiful Tempe ! fields of Athens ! days of Olympic glory ! wretched Greece ! who is to rescue thee from thy tyrants—will thy warriors and thy Gods ? O may we soon behold the redemption of that ill fated country whose brave but helpless sons were doomed too long to suffer wretchedness and oppression, to be butchered or enslaved. May the triple strength, once on the side of justice and humanity, stay the progress of desolating war, and may the recent glorious events hasten, under the protection of the all-ruling power, a consummation devoutly to be wished. May that once flourishing land rejoice at the sight of the fallen classic column again uplifted ; and smile amidst the serene enjoyment of the blessings of agriculture and

arts, and of a wise legislation. Then will every virtuous mind exult in the contemplation of the happy result, and every feeling heart will beat with philanthropic rapture.

The power and charms of eloquence are best displayed in well regulated governments, when a rational freedom prevails under the equitable system of universal toleration; when the liberty of the press extends its influential light through all the social classes, and disseminates those blessings which in other governments are blighted by the jealous interference of censorship, or by the oppressive policy of ministerial power.

'The people of the United States,' says an impartial observer, 'are remarkable for the possession of the talent of eloquence, in legislative debate and at the forum. Our peculiar institutions, the freedom of discussion secured to us by the laws, the jealousy with which public and private rights are guarded, all create a demand for this talent, and accordingly it is supplied. They can boast of an Adams a Jefferson, both illustrious oracles of wisdom and eloquence, whose names were long since inscribed in the rolls of Fame. New-York is proud of the learned and acute Hamilton; Virginia, of the inspired Patrick Henry, (to use the expression of the celebrated Phillips;) South Carolina, of William Lowndes, a name that should ever live where merit and genius are held in estimation. To these illustrious names, we may add that of Emmett, who, by his long residence in his adopted country, became identified with our institutions and eloquence, while he preserved the characteristics of the Irish elocution, warm, animated and glowing. The muses have also shed a tear over the lamented Crafts, the impressive speaker and the sweet bard.

I need not bring to your thoughts so many worthies from this and other points of the Union, who, being impressed with the swelling sentiment of true patriotism, either command the applause of a listening Senate, or are heard in the House of Representatives, the eloquent and energetic defenders of their country's rights. Eloquence is also daily displayed in civic addresses, public orations, and eulogies: patriotism pervades every heart, beams in every eye, breathes the sublimity of thought, the strength and harmony of language from which flows the charm of

persuasion. Vehement, yet temperate; calm, yet impressive, the speakers argue to the mind, address the heart, and by an irresistible power, triumphantly carry conviction.

May the Constitution of the United States, that firmly secures to them so many blessings, rally around it eloquence and patriotic virtues! May it ever be the unerring guide of governments, beneath the Omniscient eye above, starting into a new political existence!

To close with the memorable words of the Sage of Lagrange, once blessed with the paternal adoption of the *American Father*, and whose happiness and fame were interwoven with the glory of the rising empire, whose destinies he depicted—'May this immense temple of freedom ever stand as a lesson to the oppressor, an example to the oppressed; and may these United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity, which will illustrate the blessings of their government, and, for ages to come, rejoice the departed souls of their founders.'

A Night at the Mermaid.—An Old English Tale.

[Referred to in Critical Notice No 1, of the Present Number.]

'Tis a dismal shower, good mine host, and the night is black as Erebus; my steed, too, is as ill conditioned as I am, without some slight respite to his labor, to travel as far as Whitehall, whither my affairs calls me. So that were your hostelry as full of guests as London town is of sign boards, you must e'en find room to afford me shelter an hour or two.'

'In troth, Master,' replied the host, 'ye have chosen a naughty night to travel in. But i'faith! my private chambers are all occupied by constant guests; and my public room is filled by a set of gallants, who choose this night in every week to make merry at the sign of the Mermaid.'

'Tis wondrous hard, mine host,' returned the stranger, 'that a benighted traveller, and a loyal subject of her Majesty, should in the centre of this ancient and hospitable city of London, and from so fair a host as thou art, beg in vain for that favor which would freely be granted to him by a wanderer of the desert. May I crave of thee at least this courtesy, to commend me to those gallants, and say that a Kentish gentlemen, whom night-fall and the tempest have driven here for

shelter, begs to know if he may warm himself at the same fire with them, without detriment to their merriment?"

The host stared the pertinacious stranger in the face, while he slowly unbarred the inn-gate: for, during this conversation, the traveller had questioned on the outside, while the host answered him through a small grating, 'They are not such churlish curs as to deny thee that,' said the latter, 'although they have players, and poets, and ne'er-do-wells of all sorts among them. They drink too, plenty of sack and Rhenish: and the silver comes at last, although sometimes it is over long in its travels. No, no, they would not drive a night-foundered stranger from the gates; and you, Sir, it is likely, will be wanting a flask of good wine to keep this raw night air from your stomach.'

'It is the very thing, mine host,' said the stranger, as the man of flagons and puncheons was helping him from his steed, in the inn-yard, 'which I was about to crave of thee. But first bear my message to thy guests; and I will await their answer in the hall.'

The host, or, as we shall in future call him, Master Stephen Drawwell, disappeared at this bidding; but soon returned with a message from his guests, to say that the stranger was heartily welcome to their society. He then ushered him across a long corridor, and up a flight of steps into a spacious and lofty apartment where the gallants, of whom he had spoken, were assembled. A long table extended the whole length of the room, while an enormous wood fire blazed at each extremity. The floor was strewn with rushes; a piece of state and luxury with which Master Drawwell ornamented his common room on this night of the week only; and wax tapers were placed on various parts of the table; which was also plentifully furnished with flasks and cups, bearing generous liquors of every quality.

The stranger was kindly welcomed by the whole party, and was conducted to a seat at the right hand of the person who appeared to officiate as their president, or chairman. A slight glance at the persons by whom he was surrounded, convinced him that he was in the company of no common men. They were, for the most part, plainly habited; and many of them were now considerably under the influence of the purple deity, to whom

they had been sacrificing. But amidst the wild jollity and obstreperous mirth in which they indulged, he detected many brilliant sallies of wit; the most caustic touches of satire; and a profound acquaintance with the deepest mysteries of the human heart. After listening for some time with vacuity, and almost disgust, to a stale punster, he found him suddenly transformed into a man of genius; a dull person near him, whom his potations, and too great an indulgence in that fragrant weed, which had recently been imported from Virginia, seemed to have reduced to a state of listlessness, at the inspiring call of some kindred spirit, discovered himself to be an accomplished scholar, and a observant and philosophical traveller; while a third, after singing a stave of a dull and senseless madrigal, became engaged in a discussion, which drew forth from him a display of knowledge and eloquence, at which Demosthenes himself would have sat down in despair.

Such was the gifted but eccentric circle to which our traveller found himself introduced. The president, to whose peculiar care he was assigned, was a thick-set, and rather clumsily built person, with a round burly face; a high forehead; and eyes whose uncommon expression of keenness and intelligence was not impaired by the circumstance of one being considerably larger than the other. He seemed to be peculiarly well fitted for the jovial station which he occupied; for, as the flasks passed round the table, he pulled from them as long, and as hearty a draught, as any of the company; and, apparently, with less effect of ebriety than most of them. His conversational powers seemed of the highest order; and the sly satire, the fine humor, and the polished wit, which escaped apparently unconsciously from his lips, kept the table in a roar during the whole of the evening.

This vivacious chairman soon found out that the stranger had been in the army; 'Ye have, doubtless, then,' he said, 'fought against the Don, Sir, in the Netherlands?'

'I have, Sir,' replied the stranger; 'in the Netherlands, and in America.'

'I had a scratch with him myself,' said the chairman; 'when Lord Essex went over to Flanders, I was in good old Sir Thomas Stanton's regiment.'

'Indeed!' said the other, somewhat incredulously; 'and may I ask your name?'

'You may, and learn it too,' replied the dignitary of the Mermaid; 'tis Jonson.'

'Jonson!' said the stranger, who now felt convinced that he was either gravely imposed upon by the chairman, or that the wags of the hostelry were laughing at him in their sleeves; 'tis strange, but I was well acquainted with every officer in that regiment, and do not recollect there was one of that name.'

'Officer!' shouted the other, and followed his shout with an obstreperous laugh; 'No, no; Fortune placed me in the ranks. 'Twas a boy's freak; I thought that I should prefer handling a musket to a trowel, so I left the front of Lincoln's inn gate-way for the palisadoes of Bruges.'

A light broke in upon the stranger's mind, which instantly brightened over his face; 'Can it be?' he said; 'I have heard of this story before; can you be the poet, the dramatist, Ben Jonson?'

'Ay,' exclaimed a dozen voices from all parts of the room, 'who but Ben? rare Ben! jovial Ben! honest Ben! immortal Ben!' and the mirth and conviviality were redoubled; while the stranger, who felt like one who has unconsciously intruded into the presence of superior beings, was by turns awed and delighted by the persons among whom he found himself.

About the middle of the table was seated a person of a singularly saturnine and melancholy expression of countenance. His features, which were somewhat of an Italian cast, indicated a fine intelligence, and a polished taste; but still there was something about them which repelled the advances of the most cordially disposed. He appeared considerably older than most of his companions; but led by a similarity of tastes and occupations, to mingle in their society. They seemed to regard him with extraordinary deference and respect, and to listen with attention and even reverence to all that he uttered; although every sentence which fell from his lips was imbued with the bitterest and most virulent personal satire. The praises and compliments which were heaped upon Jonson, in consequence of the stranger's surprise, seemed greatly to discompose this personage. He listened to them in silence, and, after they had subsided, pursed his lips into a idragr, while he continued to address the Chairman in these words:—

'Pray tell me, Ben, where does the mystery lurk? What others call a *Play* you call a *Work*!'

The sting in this line consisted in the fact of Jonson having lately published a volume of Plays, entitled '*The Works of Benjamin Jonson*;' which term was then considered ridiculously arrogant and pompous, although it has since been commonly applied in the same sense. Some of the company were amused, but more were grieved, at this sally, as tending to damp their hilarity; but no one seemed more disconcerted than the person who was the object of it. At length, however, a lame man, at the lower end of the room, exclaimed, while a good humoured smile mantled over his features,

'The Author's friend, thus for the Author says, Ben's Plays are Works, while others' Works are Plays.*'

The momentary damp which had hung upon the spirits of the company, was dispelled by this sally; and one long loud peal of laughter and applause cleared away the gloom which had darkened round them.

'Thanks! Uncle Willy!' said Jonson; 'thanks, my sweet Swan of Avon! A mad wag, my friend,' he continued, addressing the stranger; 'he commenced his career with deer-steeling, and he has ever since continued the pilfering trade, by stealing the hearts of all who know him.'

'Is it Shakspeare?' inquired the stranger, in a tremulous tone.

'Tis none but he,' returned Jonson; 'a kind youth, and a clever. He lacks the ancient tongues though; and he doth take most irreverent liberties with the wise rules of the Stagyrte: yet he knows in some sort to tickle the popular ear; and crowds will go to see his representation of a Shipwreck, although it be on the coast of Bohemia, who do not comprehend a single one of the classical allusions in my Poetaster.'

'Nay, nay, Ben,' said a keen-eyed, good-looking stripling by his side; 'thy Poetaster hath its praise, but match it not with the immortal works of my Godfather.'

'I cry you mercy, young Master Davenant!' said Jonson; 'I knew not that thy quick ears were so close to my hasty tongue. But William, friend, have a care in future, when thou speakest of Master Shakspeare, that thou take not the name of *God* in vain.'

* As both these jeux d'esprit are anonymous, I have considered myself privileged to appropriate them as I thought proper.

Jonson had now turned the laugh against his defender, who was supposed by many to be connected with Davenant much more closely than by the sponsorial tie. 'But ne'er mind, Master Shakspeare,' said Jonson, 'the lad is a proper person; and hath more wit in his pate than was ever inherited from an Oxford tapster. But tell me, my heart of Warwickshire, when am I to carry thy little Judith to the baptismal font?'

'Right speedily, Ben,' answered Shakspeare; 'and then we shall see what rare present thou wilt bestow upon her.'

'It shall be something,' returned Jonson, 'which it is fitting for a poet and a scholar to give; one who hath the tongues, and is skilled in the lore of ancient Greece and Rome.'

'Give her some *latten* spoons,' added Shakspeare; and then, Ben, thou canst translate them.'

'A murrain upon thy word-torturing wit, Willy,' replied Jonson; 'thou perverter of language, and destroyer of the simplicity of syllables! But a truce to these wit-combatants, as Master Fuller calleth them, and let us have a catch. Here is Master Stephen Dowland just entering the room; and, by my faith! Master Matthew Locke with him. A song, Master Locke! a song, and that right speedily!'

Locke, however, had no sooner joined the party than he engaged in close conversation with Shakspeare, without paying any attention to the call of the Chairman. They were conversing upon a subject deeply interesting not only to themselves, but all posterity, for it was on the time and manner of bringing out at the Globe Theatre, a tragedy, which the latter had written, and parts of which the former had set to music under the title of '*Macbeth*.'

'He heeds me not, Master Dowland,' said Jonson; he and that Warwickshire carle are plotting some mischief, for their heads have never been under the same roof for the last six months, without coming into close contact.'

Female Editors.

A new epoch may be noted in the Literature of the United States, at this time; and one, calculated, as well from its novelty as interest, to excite no little wonder and admiration. We mean the Editorship of sundry literary Journals, by La-

dies. We know of but one instance in Europe, where such was the case, and then, the good dame merely continued the vocation of her deceased husband, in her own person. Here the case is quite different. In our young country it has become, with several, a matter of choice to assume the Editorial chair, who never did so before, and their own experience considered, knew nothing about its requirements. A lady dealing in Editorial notices, and paper combats; soiling the clear white and red of her *rubied* fingers with an Editor's pen; by prescription, a stump of the most wretched and incurable character. Dealing out sentences of condemnation, and morsels of praise in the same breath; provoking the selfish animal, Man, by a free use of his own dangerous weapons; and as we have latterly seen, making him feel sore and uncomfortable under them. Only think of the Lord of the creation submitting his effusions, good and bad, to this female divinity; awaiting her decision upon their merits, witnessing correction upon correction, alteration upon alteration, and however irritated, subscribing to the justice and improvement in the sentence which lops off a member or puts on a head.

'Can such things be,
And not excite our special wonder.'

Right glad are we to behold the spirit of literary enterprise extending to the *finer* subjects of our land. We, men, are at best, selfish animals; and have hitherto been too indifferent to the rich ore of our gentler spirits. They have been hitherto considered in too humble a light; quite at variance with the thinking and searching character of the age. Their education has been too much neglected. And it is quite time, if those to whom they have been accustomed to look for favor and encouragement, are careless of their claims, that they should endeavor, as far as they can, to do justice to themselves.

Our country is certainly in advance of other nations in the liberality of their patronage, in this particular and to this, best class of good citizens. Two Journals, edited by Ladies, who, no doubt, are fully as handsome and delightful, as they are intelligent, are before us now. One good lady has been made a Postmaster by the gallantry of government, and another has been appointed to some other public

office. The Journals we refer to, are 'The Ladies Magazine' edited by Mrs Sarah J Hale, and 'The Bower of Taste,' by Mrs Katharine A Ware. Interesting in arrangement, pleasing in miscellany and graceful and neat in appearance, they do high credit to the fair conductors, and are well worthy the patronage of the fairer portion of the community. We hope they have it.

Mistakes of Parents.

According to a law of *Solon*, the son was not bound to maintain his father, unless he had caused him to learn a trade in his youth. If such a law now existed in this, as well as other parts of the world, many persons who now seem unfit for their occupations would be seen to flourish and prosper. The fault is obviously the parent's, not the child's. If a boy of the least degree of smartness, and sometimes without any smartness whatever, happens to express a desire to enter upon any of the learned professions, which disposition he has, perhaps, suddenly felt, from some passionate display of eloquence at the bar, or some skillful surgical operation of which he has lately heard, the parents, not looking as they should, to the qualifications of the youthful aspirant, but regarding their own self-love as of the first importance, consent, without reflection, to that which too frequently afterwards is the cause of the most painful reflections. If they could so far controul their desire to see their progeny distinguished, either by the possession, or the want of merit, as to pause and deliberate before they acted, it is certain that a vast deal of ridicule and just satire would be spared to those unfavored sons of nature who sometimes flourish in public life, not as ornaments to the age and country in which they live, but as fit subjects for the amusement of others, and proper objects for the jests of the wit, and the humorist.

Like whetstones, quite useless and unfit
To cut themselves, they sharpen other's wit.

How many lisping lawyers, prosing poets, stupid physicians, noisy statesmen, and bankrupt merchants, would the world be spared, if *sound* was not too often mistaken for *sense*; if conceit and an ill-directed ambition did not too much influence the movements of the young, and misguide the steps of the old. The world, too, would be mainly benefited by a con-

summation 'so devoutly to be wished.' Things would then, indeed, go on vastly well; where we have whole benches of what are called learned gentlemen, we should be greeted by a 'score or two of tailors;' for grave counsellors, we should have useful shoe blacks, steady mechanics and industrious laborers; and, in short, few would fail to find their proper level in the community of their fellow citizens, while the truly wise and truly virtuous would meet success as the reward of merit—not profound contempt as the price of wisdom and integrity.

Nothing can more fully establish and maintain the position, that not only the parents, but the parties themselves, often mistake their powers, or dispositions, or are altogether ignorant of their future destinies, or the situations they should one day occupy, than the variety of cases which might be quoted to show that some of the most distinguished geniuses of the world, have at one time filled places, and pursued vocations very different, and which, it would seem, required very opposite powers. Do we not exclaim with astonishment, when we learn that Shakspeare was once an attendant at the theatre, and afterwards an actor? That Milton was a schoolmaster, and then the Secretary of Cromwell? That Fielding was a magistrate—Smollett, Garth, Arbuthnot, and Aikenside, physicians? That Defoe was a hrazier, Swift a parson, Congreve an officer in the customs, and Burns a gauger? And can we doubt that the several inferior stations held by some of these distinguished individuals would have been equally well filled by many who in various ways are continually panting for their long looked for fame, as they call it, and which they are surprised does not at once arrive? The truth is, if mankind paid less attention to the outside of things, and more to their own deficiencies, rather than the modicum of wit they possess, we should have less books and more intellect, less vanity and more sense, fewer speeches and more real eloquence.

An old writer says that to the poor man, Sunday is the shortest day in the week; to a rich man the longest.

Frederick Schlegel calls an exclusive admiration of one's own country 'a glorious fault.'—*See History of Literature.*



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